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SOME LITERARY AUTOGRAPHS

ABOUT A GREAT BOOK

WITH SOME LITERARY AUTOGRAPHS

PRIVATELY PRINTED
AT CEDAR RAPIDS IOWA
FOR THE FRIENDS OF LUTHER ALBERTUS
AND ELINORE TAYLOR BREWER
CHRISTMAS NINETEEN FOURTEEN

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE COPIES PRINTED
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no 1

ABOUT THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH AND SOME OTHER THINGS

THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH

ONE of the world's great books is Charles Reade's *The Cloister and the Hearth.* It is also one of our favorite volumes—precious to us for two reasons: Because of the contents, and because we read it together for the first time in those tender days when love was young and the future years looked rosy and full of bright promise.

The book was first published in London in 1861, in four volumes, as was the custom with English novels at that time. The parts as originally issued were found by us one hot July day four years ago in the cellar of an

old bookshop in Oxford street, London. They were ragged and dirty, and one not a book lover would have given at most but a few pennies for them. They were quickly "attached" to the present owners but at a pretty good sum considering their shabby condition. Within an hour the precious sheets were placed in the hands of London's best binders, Sangorski & Sutcliffe, and two or three months later they were sent across the ocean "clothed and in their right mind," and they now are books that need not hang their heads in shame in any collection. Since then, as opportunity offered, original autograph letters of the author have been picked up and inserted as frontispieces in the four volumes.

The thought has come to your two friends that at this mellowest season of the year you may not consider it amiss to share with us some of the

pleasures we have enjoyed in the possession of this great book as now embellished. Hence this booklet telling of the letters it now contains and giving choice extracts from the book itself.

To the first volume we have attached an especially characteristic letter, one that gives evidences of that fighting spirit so dominant during all the years of Charles Reade's life, 1814-1874. He was a militant chap, ever busy in efforts to right some real or fancied social wrong. Most of his novels were written to that end. In *Hard Cash* he takes up the abuses of the insane asylums; in *It's Never Too Late to Mend* he preaches against the English prison system; in *Put Yourself in His Place* he treats of abuses connected with trades-unions and labor conditions. In *The Cloister and the Hearth* he pictures with vivid reality the social

conditions of the fifteenth century. With rare insight and great power of sympathy he makes the old times live again. We here find pictures of what the lives of men and women of that period must have been. As an appreciative critic has said: "His book is truer than history; for while based on historical records, it reflects with life and color, not alone outward fact but also the workings of minds and hearts."

Reade warred continually with critics and publishers. His attitude toward the latter may be judged by this letter which is the insert in volume one:

92 St. George's Road
S. Belgravia
July 2nd. [1865]

DEAR SIR:

Without the words "during the legal term of copyright" the half profit agreement is "a partnership at will," and either party can dissolve

that partnership: this done the copyright rests in the author, & he can treat with another publisher. But the sly insertion of the words "during the legal term of the C[opyright] make[s] it not a partnership at will, but a partnership for a definite period to-wit 42 years at least, & a partnership on terms singularly unjust to the author, & favorable to the publisher, for under it you cant compel him to publish fresh editions of your work yet he can hinder you from publishing through any other channel. I should advise you to draw a pencil through the words & substitute for Longman's consideration these words "so long as Mr. Longman shall be willing to produce fresh editions" or words of that kind.

As to profits you will not get £10 under a half profit agreement. These agreements are one-sided & the well known & often exposed cover for fraudulent charges & statements in the printing, paper, advertising, & sales. You had much better offer L

the Copyright for £50. down, if it is only a short tale. Yrs vy truly

CHARLES READE

Then he adds after his signature these words:

You must not interpret this to the personal disadvantage of Mr. Longman. *No publisher has ever sent an author an honest account in the memory of man; nor ever will*: And the half profit agreement leaves the author at the mercy of the Pub's integrity, *which has no existence in matters of acct.*

In volume two we have inserted this letter which has a direct reference to *The Cloister and the Hearth*:

Oct 25 [1861]

DEAR SIRS,

There is a run on "Cloister & Hearth" and I shall be much obliged if you will arrange with Mr. Day so as to lose not an hour unnecessarily. I am Yrs sincerely

CHARLES READE

Please number the volumes of second edition more clearly as some mistakes have been made.

In the third volume has been placed the following theatrical letter. Reade wrote plays himself and all his life had much to do with the stage. This letter shows him in the light of a thrifty business manager:

Queen's Theatre
March 25,

DEAR SIR,

As requested I enclose a private Box for Mrs. Seymour's Benefit.
At 7. Rachel the reaper.
At 8.20 The Wandring Heir.

The packet I sent to you consisted of two distinct things. Free admissions for tomorrow, and cards for Mrs. Seymour's Benefit on Friday.

The latter we sell you: therefore if we have sent too many, please return the superfluous ones. I sent several amphitheatre cards: because our amphitheatre is only 1s. and a respecta-

ble workman, of whom you have so many is very comfortable there.

Yours very truly &c
With thanks
CHARLES READE

This letter was written to E. Pigott, an examiner of plays, and can now be found in the fourth volume of our set:

19 Albert Gale
Knightsbridge
Aug 24

DEAR PIGGOTT,

Many thanks for your most kind and friendly letter.

I am quite aware you can render me no direct assistance in cases of Piracy. But there is no reason why you should be cheated out of your fees, nor I out of the right of piratical MSS. Here we can help each other. I believe 100 unlicensed plays are played every year and now I have a friend in the Lord Chamberlain's office I shall go into that business irrespective of my personal interests.

Meantime. Here are two more unlicensed rascalities for you.

Queen's Theatre
Dublin
Lessee Fitzroy Wallace
"destroyed by
D r i n k"

Adelphi Theatre
Liverpool Lessee E Trevanion
Crime and Virtue
or the effect of
D r i n k.

Pray extort your dues and a MS. from these caitiffs, and *by and by* perhaps I may catch one of these jail-birds out of bounds. At present I am Yrs. very truly

CHARLES READE

EXCERPTS FROM THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH

Extracts from a book, no matter how well made they may be, give one but a faint idea of the contents. This is quite true with reference to *The Cloister and the Hearth.* There are

however many quotable things in this book and we offer no apology for the following extracts. If the reading of them here will introduce you to the book itself we will feel we have not made the excerpts in vain.

Not a day passes over the earth, but men and women of no note do great deeds, speak great words, and suffer noble sorrows. Of these obscure heroes, philosophers, and martyrs, the greater part will never be known till that hour, when many that are great shall be small, and the small great; but of others the world's knowledge may be said to sleep: their lives and characters lie hidden from nations in the annals that record them.

What God takes from us still seems better than what he spares to us: that is to say, men are by nature unthankful — and women silly.

The house is never built for less than the builder counted on.

The Hollanders were always an

original and leading people. They claim to have invented printing (wooden type), oil-painting, liberty, banking, gardening, etc. Above all, they invented cleanliness.

Where there have been no pains there needs no reward.

A heart to share joy and grief with is a great comfort to man or woman.

The beginning of a quarrel, where the parties are bound by affection though opposed in interest and sentiment, is comparatively innocent; both are perhaps in the right at first starting, and then it is that a calm, judicious friend, capable of seeing both sides, is a gift from Heaven. For, the longer the dissension endures, the wider and deeper it grows by the fallibility and irascibility of human nature: these are not confined to either side, and finally the invariable end is reached—both in the wrong.

Women are creatures brimful of courage. Theirs is not exactly the same quality as manly courage; that would never do, hang it all; we

should have to give up trampling on them. No; it is a vicarious courage. They never take part in a bull-fight by any chance; but it is remarked that they sit at one unshaken.

Chattering tongues mar wisest counsels.

Affection sharpens the wits; and often it has made an innocent person more than a match for the wily.

Where is the woman that cannot act a part? Where is she who will not do it, and do it well, to save the man she loves? Nature on these great occasions comes to the aid of the simplest of the sex, and teaches her to throw dust in Solomon's eyes.

Sweetest of all her charms is a woman's weakness to a manly heart.

The courage, like the talent, of common men, runs in a narrow groove. Take them but an inch out of that, and they are done.

Strange that things beautiful should be terrible and deadly. The eye of the boa-constrictor while fascinating its prey is lovely.

Life and liberty, while safe, are

little thought of: for why? They are matters of course. Endangered, they are rated at their value. In this, too, they are like sunshine, whose beauty men notice not at noon when it is greatest, but towards evening when it lies in flakes of topaz under shady elms. Yet it is feebler then; but gloom lies beside it, and contrast reveals its fire.

A little affability adorns even beauty.

A friend like thee, where on earth's face shall I find another.

He was a Frenchman, and despised every other nation, laws, inmates and customs included.

Men of any spirit at all are like the wild boar; he will run from a superior force; owing perhaps to his not being an ass: but if you stick to his heels too long, and too close, and, in short, bore him, he will whirl, and come tearing at a multitude of hunters, and perhaps bore you.

Well-a-day, the sands how swift they run when the man is bent over earthly toys.

All we see around us calls for faith. Have then a little patience! We shall soon know all.

Alas! here is a kind face I must never look to see again on earth; a kind voice gone from mine ear and my heart forever. There is nothing but meeting and parting in this sorrowful world.

Our travellers on their weary way experience that, which most of my readers will find in the longer journey of life, viz., that stirring events are not evenly distributed over the whole road, but come by fits and starts, and, as it were, in clusters. To some extent this may be because they draw one another by links more or less subtle. But there is more in it than that. It happens so. Life is an intermittent fever.

Men look forward to death, and back upon past sickness, with different eyes. Item, when men drive a bargain, they strive to get the sunny side of it; it matters not one straw whether it is with man or Heaven they are bargaining.

Trust then to me; these little doves they are my study day and night; happy the man whose wife taketh her fling before wedlock; and who trippeth up the altar-steps instead of down 'em. Marriage, it always changeth them for better or else for worse.

Making others wretched had not made him happy. It seldom does.

An old woman, that has seen life and all its troubles, is a sovereign blessing by a sorrowful young woman's side. She knows what to say, and what to avoid. She knows how to soothe her and interest her.

You know how foolish those are that love.

Some are old in heart at forty, some are young at eighty.

Strange as it may appear to the unobservant, our hearts warm more readily to those we have benefited than to our benefactors.

Certainty is often painful, but seldom, like suspense, intolerable.

Life is a school, and the lesson ne'er done; we put down one fault

and take up t'other, and so go blundering here, and blundering there, till we blunder into our graves, and there's an end of us.

Gunpowder has spoiled war. War was always detrimental to the solid interests of mankind. But in old times it was good for something; it painted well, sang divinely, furnished Iliads. But invisible butchery, under a pall of smoke a furlong thick, who is any better for that?

What the servant says the master should still stand to.

In matters of honest craft things can not be done quick and well.

Each sex has its form of cruelty; man's is more brutal and terrible; but shallow women, that have neither read nor suffered, have an unmuscular barbarity of their own (where no feeling of sex steps in to overpower it). This defect, intellectual perhaps rather than moral, has been mitigated in our day by books, especially by able works of fiction; for there are two roads to that highest effort of intelligence, Pity; Experi-

ence of sorrows, and Imagination, by which alone we realize the grief we never felt.

Gratitude is not a thing of words.

Happy the man who has two chain-cables; Merit, and Women.

"Plutarch, he had a wondrous art, Francesco."

"Give me the signor Boccaccio."

"An excellent narrator, Capitano, and writeth exquisite Italian. But in spirit a thought too monotonous. Monks and nuns were never all unchaste: one or two such stories were right pleasant and diverting; but five score paint his time falsely, and sadden the heart of such as love mankind. Moreover he has no skill at characters. Now this Greek is supreme in that great art: he carveth them with pen: and, turning his page, see into how real and great a world we enter of war, of policy, and business, and love in its own place; for with him, as in the great world, men are not all running after a wench. With this great open field compare me not the narrow garden of Boccac-

cio, and his little mill-round of dishonest pleasure."

Nay, I care not to be adored by an old man. I would liever be loved by a young one: of my own choosing.

A woman has her own troubles, as a man has his.

It is a great thing to open a good door in a heart. One good thing follows another through the aperture.

A Catherine is not an unmixed good in a strange house. The governing power is strong in her. She has scarce crossed the threshold ere the utensils seem to brighten; the hearth to sweep itself; the windows to let in more light; and the soul of an enormous cricket to animate the dwelling-place. But this cricket is a Busy Body. And that is a tremendous character. It has no discrimination. It sets everything to rights, and everybody. Now many things are the better for being set to rights. But everything is not. Everything is the one thing that won't stand being set to rights; except in that calm and cool retreat, the grave.

Maternity. You, who know what lies in that word, enlarge my little sketch, and see the young mother nursing and washing, and dressing and undressing, and crowing and gambolling with her first-born.

In the valley of Grindelwald the traveller has on one side the perpendicular Alps, all rock, ice, and everlasting snow, towering above the clouds, and piercing to the sky; on his other hand little every-day slopes, but green as emeralds, and studded with cows, and pretty cots, and life; whereas those lofty neighbors stand leafless, lifeless, inhuman, sublime. Elsewhere sweet commonplaces of nature are apt to pass unnoticed; but, fronting the grim Alps, they soothe, and even gently strike, the mind by contrast with their tremendous opposites.

Penitence abroad is little worth. There where we live lie the temptations we must defeat, or perish. Not fly in search of others more showy, but less lethal. Easy to wash the feet of strangers, masked ourselves.

Hard to be merely meek and charitable with those about us.

A resolute woman is a very resolute thing.

When ye seek favors of the great, behoves ye know the very thing ye aim at.

Words never yet painted a likeness of despair.

Humility and a teachable spirit are the roads to wisdom.

Priest, monk, hermit, call thyself what thou wilt, to her [mother] thou art but one thing; her child.

The Almighty loves him who thinks of others.

And to think that there are folk in the world that have all the beautiful things which I have here, yet not content. Let them pass six months in a hermit's cell, seeing no face of man; then will they find how lovely and pleasant this wicked world is; and eke that men and women are God's fairest creatures.

Charity profanes nothing; not even a church: soils nought, not even a church.

SOME AUTOGRAPH LETTERS

WE HAVE A HOBBY

We have a hobby. Our friends know it, and most of them long ago ceased to pity. But we have no apologies to make. We believe in hobbies. Our days have been happier because, in the few hours of leisure in a somewhat busy and strenuous life, we have had a few hobbies the pursuit of which has yielded recreation and pleasure. One who possesses a hobby leads a more full life. We do not care what that hobby may be—whether it is a passion for the collection of snails and bugs, or a fondness for books and prints. The man with a hobby is a better man than he who is without this solace.

And right here permit us to say

that these fellows with hobbies—these collectors of things out of the ordinary—are as a rule a benevolent lot. While there is a peculiar pleasure in the thought that you have something no one else possesses or can possess, yet the true collector is ever willing to share his joy with the less fortunate. We know there are philistines even in this day who hold the contrary. As a class we are looked upon as selfish, as living lives apart from the many. We are pointed at in places where people congregate; sometimes we are designated as peculiar. It has even been charged that we are not averse to acquiring treasures by the process of adhesion if we can't get them by the usual means of gift or purchase. True, some of our class, weaker than others, at times may acquire a much desired prize for less than its true value. But we should not be anathematized for

adding to our possessions that which does not make the seller the poorer while enriching the buyer. We could not—the vast majority of us—remain in business if deprived of the privilege of acquiring seeming bargains. For let it be remembered the poor man is entitled to his hobby as well as the rich man. There are more poor men than rich men. And bargains are a necessity to the former as well as a joy to the latter.

But we are wandering. To prove that collectors are free from selfishness we are at this holiday time giving our friends the privilege of sharing with us the pleasures to be found in one small line of our collecting—that of autograph letters. Our chief aim is to secure those written by literary celebrities. So far as can be done, such letters only are acquired as contain some reference to the business of authorship or to books of the

writers. This rule, however, is not adhered to rigidly, as will be noted in the case of the letter of Thomas Moore, reproduced in this book. This letter is in some ways a charming one, showing, as it does, the human side of this rollicking, beloved Irish poet. It brings us in closer touch with him. We are given to understand that he was human like the rest of us.

We have in mind in the purchase of these letters certain books in which they may be inserted. If we have on our shelves a first edition of an author who has arrived, then the search is made leisurely for a letter for that particular volume. Sometimes we may even buy a book in which to place a letter that appeals to us and that can be had for a reasonable sum. The rule has been adhered to that we lay out no extravagant sums for any writer's autograph. The pleasure of

collecting and embellishing is not necessarily an expensive one. In truth there's more zest in modest effort than in lavish expenditure. Those people who buy books and autographs *en bloc*, many times through dealers who have been given orders without limitations, have our pity. Every individual collection should grow with the collector. It should evidence the stages of his development, the changes in his likes and dislikes. It should represent the slow accumulations of the years of his life.

The following letter is one of the most treasured in our collection. It was picked up in London some two years ago. Data for a proper understanding of it were lacking. Fortunately, we were able to get the proper knowledge from the writer himself while he was a guest at our home in January, 1914. As Mr.

Noyes has kindly noted in the corner of the original letter, it was written in 1902 to Grant Richards of London, the publisher of his first book, *The Loom of Years*, now a very scarce volume, and had to do with this publication itself. Mr. Noyes told us at the time of his visit that we were not likely to be able to secure a copy of this book. Perhaps he did not grasp fully what a persistent American collector can accomplish when his heart is set on a certain thing. Within a month the coveted volume was in our possession. It now differs from every other of the five hundred copies in the edition in that within its covers it holds this letter with its interesting notation:

Exeter College
Oxford

DEAR SIR

I enclose a cheque for £25; I am sorry for the delay. In the meantime I have been so successful in

obtaining subscribers to the book here in Oxford that I should be glad to know how you would arrange for a 2nd edition, if the first is exhausted.

Would a preface, a short one, by Laurence Binyon, be of any value to the sale of the book. If it would, I think I can get one. I am

Yours sincerely
ALFRED NOYES.

Evidently the proposition for a preface by Mr. Binyon, who was connected with the British Museum, was vetoed, for the volume does not contain a preface.

The notation made by Mr. Noyes on the corner of his original letter reads:

Letter written about first book to the publisher, Grant Richards, 1902, *The Loom of Years.* A. N.

He who has not in days of youth made the acquaintance of Thomas Moore (1779-1852) has missed some

delightful moments. While it is said that "Tommy dearly loved a lord," nevertheless this must be taken in the light of the fact that he was courted by the aristocracy for his wit and gayety and was found often in their salons. Professor Wilson in those charming volumes, *Recreations of Christopher North*, does not hesitate to say: "Now, of all the song-writers that ever warbled, or chanted, or sung, the best, in our estimation, is verily none other than Thomas Moore." Fond as he was of dining and dancing, he was also a hard worker. His financial returns were adequate, but he was a good spender and at times was hard-pressed for money. For writing his *Irish Melodies* from 1807 to 1834 he received £500 a year. Longman, the publisher, agreed to pay him £3000 for *Lalla Rookh* without having seen the manuscript. In his latter years he

was given by the government a pension of £300 a year. He was the friend of Byron, and this poet makes several references to him in his writings; *e. g.*,

> What are you doing now,
> Billing or cooing now,
> Sighing or wooing now,
> Which, Tommy Moore?

The following letter, attached to a volume of Moore's poems read by us from "kiver to kiver" in the days of youth and possessing for us considerable sentimental value, lets us into the secret that poets are but human, after all, like the rest of us:

Thursday
July 24.th 1818

MY DEAR SIR—

In your various characters of Bill-Accepter, Fish-Agent, &c. &c. I keep you always fully well employed—I now want you to dispatch me, by tomorrow night's coach, a good dish

of fish for Saturday's dinner — Lord Lansdowne comes to eat a family dinner with us, & a Lord's *family* dinner is a poet's *best* one, you know — So I shall depend upon you, and it must come by the mail, or at least some coach that arrives at Devizes early — make sure of this — Salmon, I should suppose, would be best, and Lobster.

I have done another song since, prettier still than the other — & I am in hopes I shall be able by completing the five without them, to keep these two for some of our future collections — You perceive we have got rid of our large bill — all by the Fudges — I shall however in the course of a few days make use of your *name* for a small shot of forty pounds or so — Truly yours

T. MOORE

There not being room at the bottom of the sheet for a postscript, Moore adds one at the top of the page:

If you could buy me a little *good* Coffee for Bessy, I should be glad you would send it at the same time — a Box, too, of *Cinnamon* lozenges.

Bessy was his wife, and a splendid one, too. Until his death Moore gave her all the devotion of an ardent lover.

The following Ruskin letter has a fit abiding place, as we think. It is incorporated in a first edition of his *Queen of the Air*, published in 1869, a study of Greek myths of cloud and storm. In the same volume, as a frontispiece, we have placed an original pen and ink drawing made by Ruskin while lecturing on art at Oxford. The book has a binding designed and executed by Cobden-Sanderson, and bears his autograph. Thus embellished, the book is unique — a joy to handle and a volume it is a delight to possess.

John Ruskin (1819-1900) created the literature of art; he taught people to see the beauties in nature. As John C. VanDyke puts it: "He has taught several generations to see with their eyes, think with their minds, and work with their hands." Charlotte Bronte regarded him as "one of the few genuine writers of the age."

24th November 58.

DEAR MISS RAINE

I got a kind letter from your father sometime ago — which I grieve not to have answered, and grieve still more at the ill news it contained, of his health. Pray tell him how sorry I am that this should be so: — I wish indeed I could come and see him, and lecture & do all you would have me, but I am not well myself — a fit of successive coughs & colds having come upon me with unusual sharpness, and I dare not come north at present — I gave a short address at Cambridge the other day: but in go-

ing about the College cloisters, lost my voice, and have been hoarse ever since — (three weeks, nearly) — I am getting better — but I shall have to give up going about for the present. Be sure if I come north at all — I will not pass Durham: and will make myself as useful there as your father and you think I ought — or can. — Present my sincere regards to your father and to your sisters when you write to them & with kindest remembrances from my father & mother believe me

Most truly yours,
JOHN RUSKIN

"Leigh Hunt, most vivid of poets and most cordial of critics," is the way Prof. John Wilson puts it in his *Recreations of Christopher North.* Hunt (1784-1859) was the friend of Lamb, and Shelley, and Keats, and Byron. Like his own Abou Ben Adhem, he was a man who loved his fellow-men, and the pleasant letters we have in his autograph are highly

prized. One adorns a first edition of *The Months*, 1821; the other is inserted in a first edition of *Men, Women and Books*, 1847.

Here are his letters:

Hammersmith — April 7.

MY DEAR SIR.

I have seen and looked through the Life of Campbell, as well as read the particular passages relating to the Pleasures of Hope, and I find no mention made of the object of your enquiry. Should you like however to see the book yourself, and examine it more closely than I have just now time to do, I will do myself the pleasure of sending it to you.

Very sincerely yours,

LEIGH HUNT

Kensington — Jan.y 1st [1848]

MY DEAR SIR.

A happy new year to you, & a thousand more kind greetings & thanks. I should have sent you them the moment I received your notice of my letter, but was in the act of writ-

ing against time, & am so still. Indeed I happen to be in a perfect "sea of troubles," with business, & haste, & influenza (to take the muscle out of it) & illness in my family, & unsettledness (looking out for a house); but towards the spring, I reckon upon emerging; & I shall then, with your leave, come & shake you by the hand, & ask you to become the personal as well as literary friend of

Your truly obliged humble servant,
LEIGH HUNT.

Robert Bridges (1844—) may not have gained a wide reputation or have written for a large circle, but his position as present poet-laureate of England makes this letter of interest. It is inserted in a first edition of his *Eros & Psyche*, 1885.

Yattendon Newbery
Dec 6. 90.

DEAR SIR

I am much obliged to you for your letter. I had seen Mr. Watson's re-

view, which was sent to me by another friend of his, and I sh^d have written to thank him for it if I had thought that I had any right to do so.

I sh^d be glad if you w^d convey my thanks to him, and tell him that the two stanzas which he very justly objected to as being incomplete in themselves were the original two first stanzas of "The Windmill" a poem he will find not far off. I sh^d have noted that they were a fragment. But I thought it was sufficiently apparent.

I have instructed the printer to add a few words to the note at the end of the volume in the next edition to this effect.

With many thanks believe me

Yours truly ROBT BRIDGES.

J. D. Ford Esq.
Liverpool.

P. S.

Excuse my writing so short a note. I am very busy just now.

Thomas Hardy (1840—) furnishes us with a short note which some

day may be inserted in a first edition of *Desperate Remedies*, if we ever get enough money to buy that book.

From Thos. Hardy, 10: 4: '06
Max Gate,
Dorchester.
DEAR SIR:
I am unable to recommend any handbook for the cultivation of the Poetic Faculty. Reading good poetry is the usual course. Your pupil might also read the articles on "Poetry" in the Encyclopedia Brittannica, & in Chamber's Cyclopedia.
Yours truly T. H.

Christina G. Rossetti (1830-1894) ranks as a poet with Elizabeth Barrett Browning. The work of the latter is probably more widely known, but that of the former has a higher degree of artistic finish. Both won positions high up in that temple of fame in which are enthroned the greatest poets of the Victorian era.

This brief note in Miss Rossetti's handwriting shows she took an interest in things other than poetry:

166 Albany St. N. W.
Saturday night.

DEAR SIR

I fear, unless you have heard direct from Mrs. Knox or Miss Parkes, that we must give up hope of their favoring the Association's volume with contributions, as I have not received aught from them. Mr. Scott has written me a most kind note of sympathy in the good cause but does not find anything to send us. Wishing you all good success I remain

Faithfully yours
CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

This letter written by Coventry Patmore (1823-1896), a mystic who wrote mostly for the elect, some day will, we hope, find an abiding place in a copy of his *Angel in the House*, a finished piece of writing; according to John Ruskin "the sweetest analysis

we possess of quiet, modern domestic feeling":

British Museum
January 4th 1864.

DEAR SIR,

I am glad you like my books so much that you think my signature worth having. I am,

Dear Sir,
Yours faithfully,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

A. Vogue, Esq

The following letter of Sir F. Seymour Haden (1818-1910), an etcher who ranks with Whistler, some day will be framed with an etching we possess by this great artist:

62 Sloan St. S. W.
July 8, 1874

DEAR SIR:

If you can favour me with a visit to my Studio No 11, *The Avenue*, Fulham Road on Sunday afternoon at about 5 p. m. I will, with much pleasure, show you what Etchings I have by me.

The Avenue is a row of trees *within a gateway* immediately opposite the steps of the Cancer Hospital.

I am, dear sir
Yr faithful servant
F. SEYMOUR HADEN

We pity the type-setters whose duty it was to put in type the writings of Bulwer Lytton (1803-1873) if the chirography of the letter we possess is a fair sample. Bulwer Lytton was a versatile genius—novelist, poet, dramatist, politician, orator. And he made good in all these lines. This letter was written to the editor of *The Sun*, London, and refers to the arrangement of a collected edition of his works:

Poste restente
Sep. 6 1867 Eaux Bonnes
Pyrenees
France

MY DEAR KENT

Here I am. I caught cold by the way which fell on my chest as usual

& has delayed the taking the waters. But I am now better & begin today.

The Place is very pretty but very dull. Please to send me The Sun directed here. Not a newspaper (English) to be had in the place — also send me Bentleys memorandum of agreement —

I am sadly at a loss to arrange the best mode of printing the contents of my books. But on the whole agree with Fowler that the Caxtoniana being the best & maturest should begin but that name be dropped. I propose omitting the last short paper in Caxtoniana on the theory of conservatism — & printing instead a long & elaborate Dialogue on the Influence of Love upon Literature & Life — it is perhaps rather too learned but is good & carefully composed — it is long & will take 60 pages — It has not been yet published tho I have it in type. It was omitted from Caxtoniana the vol. being large eno' without. The Student might follow Caxtoniana, & the Criticisms come last — followed only by Blanchard &

Schiller should I think the last [can't decipher it]. I left all material with Fowler except that Life of Schiller & Blackwood writes me word that he cant find a copy anywhere. I have written to Fowler to see if he has not a copy & if so to send it. And if he has not one Bentley must try & hunt up one — & send it here —

When the mem is signed & he has the Books I should like his idea of the order of arrangement & title — I hope this will find you quite recovered — God bless you

Ever affectionately yrs

LYTTON

THE LETTERS

Thursday 92. St. George's Road
S. Belgravia
July 28.

Dear Sir,

without the words "during the legal term of Copyright" the half profit agreement is ~~a~~ "a partnership at will" and either party can dissolve that partnership. this done the copyright rests in the author, & he can

treat with another publisher. But the sly insertion of the ~~terms~~ words "during the legal term of the C." make ~~the~~ it not a partnership at will, but a partnership for a definite period twist 42. years at least: & a partnership on terms singularly unjust to the author, & favorable to the publisher

for under it
you cannot compel
him to publish such
editions of your work,
yet ~~you ca~~ he can
hinder you for publishing
thro' any other channel.
I should advise you
to draw a pencil
through the words &
substitute for Longmans'
concurrence. these
words "so long as Mr
Longman shall be willing
to produce such editions"

or words of that kind.
As to profits you will not
get £10. under ~~that~~ a
half profit these agents are onesided
agreement. ~~fraudulent in the~~
& the will known &
often exposed cover for
fraudulent charges &
statements in the priority
paper, advertising, & sales.
you had meant better
offer to the Copyright
for £50. down. if it is
only a short tale.

Yours very truly
Charles Reade

you must ~~not~~ interpret this

to the personal
disadvantage of
Mr Longman
No publisher has ever
sent an author an
honest account.. in the
memory of man; nor
ever will: and the
half profit agent
leaves the author at
the mercy of the
Pub's integrity, which has
no existence in matters
of acct.

Oct 25.

Dear Sirs,

There is a run on "Cloister & Hearth" and I shall be much obliged if you will arrange with Mr. Day so as to lose not an hour unnecessarily.

I am
Yrs sincerely
Charles Reade

over

please number the volumes of second edition more clearly as some mistakes have been made.

Queen's Theatre
March 25.

Dear Sir,

As requested I enclose a private Box for Mrs Seymour's Benefit.
At 7. Rachel the reaper
At 8.20. The wandering Hero.
The packet I sent to you. consisted of two distinct things. Free admissions for Tomorrow. and Cards for Mrs Seymour's Benefit on Friday
The latter we sell you: therefore if we have sent too many, please return the superfluous ones. I sent several amphitheatre cards; because our amphitheatre is only 1.5. and a respectable workman, of whom you have so many is very comfortable there.

Yours very truly &
with thanks,
Charles Reade

19 Albert Gate
Knightsbridge
Aug 24

Dear Piggott, Many thanks for your most kind and friendly letter.
I am quite aware you can render me no direct assistance in cases of Piracy. But there is no reason why you should be cheated out of your fees., nor I out of the sight of pirated MSS. Here we can

keep each other. I believe 100
unlicensed plays are played every year
and now I have a friend in the
Lord Chamberlain's office I shall go into
that hump irrespective of my personal
interests.
Meantime Here are two more
unlicensed rascalities for you
Queen's Theatre
Dublin Lepre Tibyrong Wallace

"destroyed by

D. J. C. N. K."

Adelphi Theatre
Liverpool Lessee E. Trevanion

Crime and Virtue
or the effect of

D r i n K.

I'm exhort your dues and a M.S. from these
Cactiffs. and by and by perhaps I may
Catch one of these fail-birds out of bounds.
At present I am powerless.

Yours truly
Charles Reade

Letter with about first book to the publisher, Geo. Richards. 1902
A. N.
the Loan of Years

Exeter College
Oxford

Dear Sir

I enclose a cheque for £25. & am sorry for the delay. In the meantime I have been so successful in obtaining subscribers to the book here in Oxford that I should be glad to know how you would arrange for a 2nd edition, if the first is exhausted.

Would a preface, a short one, by Laurence Binyon, be of any value in the sale of the book. If it would, I think I can get one.

I am
Yours sincerely
Alfred Noyes

If you could buy me a little good Coffee for Bessy, I should be glad you would send it at the same time — A Box, too, of Cinnamon Lozenges

Thursday
July 24th 1818

My dear Sir — In your various characters of Bill-Accep-ter, of Fish-Agent, &c. &c. I keep you always pretty well em-ployed — I now want you to dispatch me, by tomorrow night's coach, a good dish of fish for Saturday's dinner — Lord Lansdowne comes to eat a family dinner with us, & a Lord's family dinner is a poet's best one, you know — so I shall depend upon you, and it must come by the Mail, or at least some coach that arrives at Devizes early — make sure of this — Salmon, I should suppose, would be best, and Lobster —

I have done another song since, prettier than still than the other — & I am in hopes I shall be able by completing the five without them, to keep these two for some of our future cob-lections —

You perceive we have got rid of our large bill — all by the Fudges — I do not owe the Longmans a farthing — I shall however in the course of a few days make use of your name for a small shot of forty pounds or so — Ever yours

T. Moore

24th November. 58.

Dear Mr. Raine

I got a kind letter from your father some time ago - which I grieve not to have answered, and grieve still more at the ill news it contained, of his health. Pray tell him how sorry I am that this should be so. - I wish indeed I could come and see him, and lecture & do all you would have me, but I am not well myself. - a fit of successive coughs & colds having come upon me with unusual sharpness, and I dare not give a month at present - I gave a short address at Cambridge the

other day; but in going about the College cloisters, lost my voice, and have been hoarse ever since — (three weeks, nearly) — I am getting better — but I shall have to give up going about for the present. Be sure if I come north at all — I will not pass Durham: and will make myself as useful there as your father and you think I ought — or can. — Present my sincere regards to your father — and to your sisters when you write to them & worth kindest remembrances from my father & mother believe me

Most truly Yours.

J. Ruskin

Hammersmith — April 7.

My Dear Sir,

I have seen and look-
ed through the Life of Campbell, as well
as read the particular passages relating
to the Pleasures of Hope, and I find no
mention made of the object of your enquiry.
I would join him however to see the book
yourself, and examine it more closely than
I have just now time to do, I will do myself
the pleasure of sending it you.

Very sincerely yours, Leigh Hunt

Kensington - Jany 1st

My dear Sir,

A happy new year to you, & a thousand more kind greetings & thanks. I should have sent you them the moment I received your notice of my letter, but was in the act of writing going time, & am so still. Indeed I happen to be in a perfect "sea of troubles," with business, & haste, & influenza (to take the muscle out of it) & illness in my family, & unsettedness (looking out for a house); but towards the spring I reckon upon emerging. & I shall then, with your leave, come & shake you by the hand, & ask you to become the personal as well as literary friend of

Your truly obliged humble servant, Leigh Hunt.

Gattenden Newbury.
Dec 3. 90.

Dear Sir

I am much obliged to you for your letter. I had seen Mr Watson's review, which was sent to me by another friend of his, and I should have written to thank him for it if I had thought that I had any rights to do so.

I shd be glad if you would convey my thanks to him, and tell him that the two stanzas which he very justly objected to as being incomplete in themselves were the original two first stanzas of "The windmill"

a person he will find not far off.
I ~~[illegible]~~ have noted that they were a
fragment. but I thought it was
sufficiently apparent
I have instructed the printer to
add a few words to the note at the
end of the volume in the next edition
to this effect.
With my thanks believe me
yours truly Robt Bridges.

J. D. Ford Esq.
Liverpool.

P.S.
Excuse my writing so short a note
I am very busy just now —

From THOS. HARDY,
Max Gate,
Dorchester.

10:4:06

Dear Sir: I am unable to recommend any handbook for the Cultivation of the Poetic Faculty. Reading good poetry is the usual course. Your pupil might also read the articles on "Poetry" in the Encyclopædia Britannica, & in Chambers's Cyclopædia. Yours truly T. H.

166 Albany St. N. W.
Saturday night

Dear Sir

I fear, unless you have heard direct from Mrs Knox or Miss Parkes, that we must give up hope of their favoring the Association's volume with contributions, as I have not received aught from them. Mr Scott has written me a most kind note of sympathy in the good cause, but does not find anything to send us. Wishing you all good success I remain

Faithfully yours
Christina G. Rossetti

British Museum.

January 4th 1864.

Dear Sir,

I am glad you like my books so much that you think my signature worth having

I am,

Dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

Coventry Patmore.

A. Vogel, Esq

62 Sloane St. S.W.
July 8. 1874

Dear Sir

If you can favour me with a visit to my Studio no 11. The Avenue, Fulham Road on Sunday afternoon at about 5 p.m. I shall, with much pleasure, show you what I think I have done lately.

The Avenue is a low

of trees within a Gateway
immediately opposite
the steps of the Cancer
Hospital.

I am, dear Sir,
Sir faithful servant
J. Seymour Haden

Sept. 6 1867

Poste Restante
Eaux Bonnes
Pyrenées
France

My dear Keat

Here I am. I caught cold by the way which fell on my chest as usual & has delayed the taking the waters. But I am now better & begin to day. —
The Place is very pretty but very dull — Please to send me the Sun directed here. Not a newspaper (English) to be had in the place — also send me Bailey's memorandum of agreement —

I am sadly at a loss to arrange the best mode of printing the contents of my book. But ~~[illegible]~~ the whole agree with Foster that the Caxtoniana bring the best & malvern should begin but that none be dropped

I propose omitting the last short paper in Caxtonian on the theory of Consecration — & hereby instead a long & Elaborate Dialogue on the Influence of Love upon Literature & Life — it is perhaps rather too learned but is good & carefully composed — it is long & will take pages — It has not been yet published tho' I have it in type. It was omitted from Caxtonian & the vols being long Eno' without.
The Student might follow Caxtonian, & the Criticism come last — followed only by

Blackwood & Schiller should I
think the last December to Upstart
I left - all the material with
Forster Except that life of Schiller
& Blackwood writes me word
that he cant find a copy
anywhere -- I have written
to Forster to see if he has not
a copy & if so to send it
And if he not not one
Bailey must try & hunt
up One -- & send it here --
When the menu is signed
& he has the Books I shall
take his idea of the order of arranging
& title - I hope this will find
you quite recovered - God bless you
Ever affectly yrs
Lytton

W 43

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